

Good Morning 727

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Prize Pup Poses for Sto. Alf Mostyn

"TEDDY," pet dog of Stoker Alf Mostyn, of 18, Harrison Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester, wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but he's finally managed to get one on the sideboard.

That was the chief "event" of recent weeks when "Good Morning" called to see your mother, Alf.

She's taking an enthusiastic interest in catering these days and has just been appointed floor superintendent at the local British Restaurant.

She asked us to tell you that she has received two letters from a Miss Martin in Australia, saying you are well and having a good time "down under."

Your Dad is all right and still doing his bit as a turner in a local factory.

Fred, that choir pal of yours, made his most important visit to the church where you both sang in days gone by, when he was married there a few weeks ago after returning from five and a half years in a German prison camp.

Cousin Joyce was married two months ago, so that leaves only you now Alf.

Teddy is justly proud of winning the prize at a local dog show, but not too proud to pose for his master.

Quick Yarn Berries, Beasts, and Bing Make News for L.S. Ken Perry

THE quickest "from sheep's back to wearer" bit of clothing ever made in modern times was when a coat was made for a gentleman at Newbury in 1811.

A local woollens manufacturer, Mr. John Coxeter, set a Newbury landowner, Sir John Throckmorton, a thousand guineas that he would have a coat made in the course of a single day, from the shearing of the sheep to the completion of the garment by a tailor.

At five o'clock in the morning Sir John handed over a couple of sheep.

Mr. Coxeter had his men waiting, and before the animals had given but a few bleats of surprise, their winter woolies had been stripped from them and the fleeces were on the way to Mr. Coxeter's mill.

There the wool was spun, the yarn spooled, warped, loomed and wove. The cloth was burred, milled, rowed—some of you chaps will know what all this means—dried, sheared and pressed.

By four o'clock in the afternoon the tailors, with mouthfuls of pins, set to work.

By six o'clock the coat, entirely completed and ready to wear, was handed to Sir John.

He put it on and exhibited it to a crowd of about five thousand people, who, according to an old account, "rent the air with their acclamations."

Sir John rent his cheque-book.

D. N. K. B.

THERE were roses in all the gardens of Fashoda Road, Bromley, Kent, as we travelled along it, and when we found number 45, your mother opened the door to us with a big bouquet of them in her hand, L.S. Ken Perry.

She told us that apart from the roses, it is a great pity you are not home, because you have picked lots of blackcurrants, and the loganberries are ripe too. From her enthusiasm on the subject, we gather you are more than somewhat partial to loganberries.

The next best thing to being home, must be to meet somebody from the old home while you're away. Your parents are therefore very glad that you managed to contact your sister, and hope you got around to meeting each other.

In letters home, Gladys says

Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide

How the Legion Help the Few

REHABILITATION of the wounded is not a cheerful subject to write about, not yet read about. But—let's face it—any one of us might lose a limb, and the object of this article is to advise and cheer the unfortunate guy who has met that fate and is wondering what will become of him when he has to make the grade in civvy street.

Firstly, let me emphasise this. He will get the same, if not preferential, treatment as any man who is sound in body. All the schemes for rehabilitation, plus pensions, such as they are, will be available for him also. Everything possible will be done to help minimise the inconvenience of disablement.

The Government will regard the resettlement of disabled ex-Servicemen as a priority job. In the Tomlinson Report, and in the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act, the matter is dealt with fully.

One of the recommendations of the Tomlinson Report was "The scheduling of certain occupations for the benefit of disabled persons." This means, in plain English, that the Government can decide that after the war the manufacture of, for example, shirt studs shall be taken over completely by disabled workers, to the exclusion of all other manpower.

If the Government does ever make this decision it will be able to rely on the co-operation of the few rehabilitation centres already existing in this country.

At one of the largest of these, Preston Hall, the British Legion village near Maidstone, several thriving industries are carried on, all by tuberculous ex-Servicemen and their families.

Preston Hall was taken over by the British Legion 19 years ago. It consisted then of 50 patients and 36 settlers, and has grown this year to comprise 175 sanatorium beds, 710 emergency medical service hospital beds, 139 houses in the village for ex-patients, and a total population of 1,641.

The industries carried on are woodworking, printing, fancy goods, manufacture, engineering, maintenance, livestock, glove-making, clerical work, and a village store. The industrial turnover rose from £12,000 in 1925-26 to £146,000 in 1942-43.

The village does not impress one with the usual hospital feeling at first sight. Dominated by the Hall itself, formerly the residence of Lord Brassey, it rambles over 200 acres of some of the prettiest Kent countryside.

"Our scheme of rehabilitation gives them economic security and confidence in the future," explained Dr. J. B. McDougall, the Medical Director since the inception. "We believe this is the key to our success. In the old days, one of the saddest aspects of tuberculosis was that the man attacked by it knew himself to be seriously, if not hopelessly, incapacitated in the labour market. With the spectre of unemployment always dogging his heels, he lost heart in the battle."

In the engineering shop, 60-year old "Pony" Moore, a last war veteran, is drilling parts for oil stoves, to be used in Europe after the war. "Pony" has been at Preston Hall twice, for 15 months in 1937 and for three and a half years now.

Next to him at the bench is a younger man, disabled in the present war, reclaiming platinum from sparking plugs. In the bath under the drill he has, daily, shavings of mixed iron and platinum worth more than £100.

They are working on Government contracts in this shop. The men turn out anti-malaria liquid sprays and dust guns, and make delousing equipment which will delouse a whole battalion in next to no time.

Bill Manchett, their manager, had a gleam of pride in his eyes as he told me of how he was working on the anti-malaria spray one day when he suddenly conceived an idea for a simpler spray nipple. He worked on it, showed it to the authorities, who passed it on to the Government. It is now being universally used.

The output of the ten men working here would compare favourably in proportion with any factory. The first order given for sparking plugs was for 20,000 a week; for delousing equipment, 2,700. Both are being fulfilled. The shop's turnover last year was £6,680, and will probably be £8,000 this year.

That is only part of the picture. All of the shops could tell the same story of achievement—and hard work.

A large number of the patients are married, and live with their families in the village. It is a self-contained little community. The rows of neat houses have vegetable gardens. There is a licensed club, which fulfils a useful social function, providing a billiard table, darts, and a piano, and acting as the Legion branch H.Q.

Since 1925 a number of children have been born in the village, but not one has died of pulmonary trouble—a fact which would seem to bear out the opinion of many medical men that consumption is not so much a disease of heredity as of conditions and environment.

The British Legion also runs two auxiliary sanatoria. One is for ex-Servicemen at Nayland, near Colchester, and the other for men at West Southbourne, Bournemouth.

Dr. McDougall looks forward to the day when similar centres of rehabilitation will be available in great numbers for the disabled civilian population. "As it is," he said to me "we are treating a great many civilians here. Unfortunately, our accommodation is limited, and we cannot take as many cases as we should like. But priority in admission is given to Service cases, 2,000 of which have passed through since 1940."

This is the record that Preston Hall can show, and it is one that will be of great value to the Government in dealing with the twin problems of the disabled and occupational therapy after the war.

Then the Legion has its own car-attendants' scheme. This has been brought to the notice of the Home Office, the Ministry of Labour, and the Ministry of War Transport, and local authorities are already showing an interest in it.

The main purpose (according to a published statement) is to provide employment for ex-Servicemen who, on account of some disability or impaired health, are unsuited for modern industrial life.

To achieve this purpose, it is the intention of the company to form a network of car parks all over England and Wales (excluding London), and to provide attendants to supervise on highway parking sites, with the approval of local authorities.

The British Legion National Car Attendants' Co., Ltd., was formed in 1943 to carry on the



"Well! Can you beat it, Winnie? The doctor says I need glasses!"

activities of the several British Legion area car parking companies in existence before the war. It operates through local boards.

Applications for engagement, as car attendants will be received through employment exchanges, branches of the British Legion, and other local sources. Whilst applicants must be ex-Servicemen, engagement is not limited to members of the British Legion.

The company is to derive its revenue from the sale of tickets and from gratuities received by attendants, which are to be pooled.

It is stressed that the company is not run for profit. After administrative expenses have been met, all excess of income over expenditure will be devoted to the expansion of the scheme.

An attendant will receive an assured weekly wage, without taking into account any disability pension. Twelve working days' holiday with pay will be given annually and, in addition, Bank Holidays or time off in lieu.

He is to be supplied with a uniform free, and it is hoped to institute a Service Gratuity Fund, by which attendants on retirement will benefit according to the length of their service with the company.

"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is:
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London,
S.W.1.



she's getting quite used to crocodiles, elephants and snakes, and even has pet names for some of these denizens of the murky jungle. Maybe you're that way now too, Ken.

Your brother Eric was on a week-end leave a short while ago and now he is in depot comparatively nearby, he can get home quite often.

Your sister Doris is a little disappointed about the disbanding of the Royal Observer Corps and she is taking a short holiday at home before settling down to Civvy Street again.

Among the most recent of the many enquiries that your parents have about you, are two from Colin May and Basil Skinner. They hope it won't be long before they meet you again at home.

When you get back one or two of those chicks you can see in the picture, part of Fancy combe's brood, should make quite good eating for the big party.

Till the time when Dad can go and play bowls at Bromley Common, knowing there is someone home to keep mother company, and she can again find satisfaction in making you all be quiet so that she can listen to Bing on the radio, both of them send best wishes for a speedy and safe return Ken.

How the Booze Artist Took It

WE were half-way to the docks when the skipper spoke. "You go aboard," he ordered me, "and get ready for sailing and I'll be along on time. It's a dam good thing I didn't take your advice and speak to her. It would have landed me in a fine hole."

With that he left me abruptly and I thought he had gone to walk off his disappointment. He certainly was in love with the girl and her father wasn't one of the owners who think themselves clay different from their officers. In his early days Barrat had been a whaler himself and he didn't forget it.

I went back to the ship. Everything was in good shape and the crew were all aboard. The tide was beginning to race. We were due off before dawn. I kept the deck, waiting for the skipper. Just after midnight I heard a hail from the quay. It was the skipper. He came up the gang-plank with a bundle over his shoulder.

"Gimme a hand here," he shouted. "I don't want to dump this into the dock."

I went down and met him and saw it was a man he was carrying.

"All our crew's aboard, sir," I said. "You've picked up somebody from another ship—"

He laid the bundle down on the deck and stood up and faced me. "That's Backer," he said grimly. "I brought him aboard, and by the Old Sailor's beard I'll cure the taste for booze-fighting out of him. They don't call me Old Ocean for nothing."

"Holy Mackerel!" I cried. "Where did you get him?"

"The owner gave me his address. I asked for it, but didn't say what crew were all aboard. The tide for. And I went down and found him with about a dozen glasses and bottles in front of him on his table. He was pouring some stuff into each glass, just like a crazy galoot. I guess it fascinated him. I stuffed a handkerchief into his face and tied him up and brought him along. He fainted on the way."

Part 2 of the sea story OLD OCEAN'S CURE

Maybe I tied the cord a bit tight. "It's shanghaiing!" I gasped; and he glared at me.

"Well, what about it? Do you think I'd let a rum-soaker like that marry her and spoil her life? It was your idea that did it. I told her when we left that I'd bring him back cured. It's the only thing I can do to make her happy. Get the mooring ropes off. We're going out right away."

He stumped into his cabin and left me feeling like a fish with the hook in its mouth, not knowing whether this was a good job or a crime.

I got the crew up and the mooring ropes off in double quick time, and wondered all the while if we'd make the get-away. We made it and were out over the bar when Old Ocean stepped on deck. He was wearing his sea-rig.

"Put Backer in the cabin amidships," he ordered. "I've got it ready."

We lifted the man and carried him along and I tucked him in and left him after taking the gag off and cutting the ropes. Then we shut the door, and told the steward to take a look in now and then and see he was comfortable.

Next morning Backer stepped out on deck. He looked a bit wild and unkempt and his eyes were bulging out of his head. He saw Old Ocean standing aft. I start on strict business."

"What's the meaning of this?" he roared. "I have to thank you for this outrage. Where am I?"

Old Ocean never turned a hair, but stood looking at the wild man, his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"You're aboard my ship, Mr. Backer," he said quietly. "You'll stay aboard until I have cured you; or if whaling doesn't cure you, I'll put you ashore to live for a few months with an Eskimo. He's our shore man up in Behring Sea."

Backer's jaw dropped and his face went sallow. He rocked on his feet, but steadied himself and glared at Old Ocean. I knew he couldn't tackle the skipper, so I didn't move. I wanted to see how this booze artist would take his cure.

Presently he began to dance with rage. That was the second stage: and the third was a torrent of language at Old Ocean.

"I'll have the law on you!" he roared. "I'll put you in prison! You've kidnapped me! You've shanghaiing me! You've assaulted me!"

"That's right," smiled Old Ocean. "I done all three. It depends on you what I'll do next."

"You're a ruffian! Mr. Barrat will know about this. I'll get you discharged!"

"I don't mind that if I cure you," said Old Ocean. "But get the shoutin' over, and then we'll start on strict business."

"You're a pirate! You are unlawfully interfering with the right of a citizen—"

"Aw, cut it out and listen to me, Backer. Now, listen. You're

not capable of looking after yourself. You've been handling that smuggler's liquor, and you're soaked with it. Do you think you are a fit thing to ask any girl to marry you?"

"What's that got to do with you?" shouted Backer. "You broke into my rooms and assaulted me—"

"And it was about time somebody did it, but not for your sake. It was for the girl's sake. I'll cure you of dabblin' in that kind of excess. You go about smelling like a moonshine still, and it's got to stop, my lad."

"What's it got to do with you?" "Nothing, so far as you're concerned, but a lot concerning somebody else. I'll cure you, don't fear. Think I'll stand for you talkin' to a girl with this kind of stuff in your pocket?"

Old Ocean had whipped a bottle of smuggled raw spirit from his pocket and held it aloft.

"I took that from your coat when I carried you to the dock. I tell you you've got to stop handling it. You're the loosefisted son of a close-fisted father who hasn't known how to bring you up. I reckon if you can keep away from this for six months you can do it for good."

And then, maybe, it was the reference to his father, who was well-known to be a hard master, or maybe it was the knowledge of the fate that faced him, or maybe it was the two combined that caused it, a sudden shock seemed to strike through Backer's limbs. He stared at Old Ocean fixedly, his hands bunched.

"You are taking me away for six months?" he asked in his hesitating, mumbling voice.

"More or less," said Old Ocean, smiling; and I, who was

watching the skipper, saw the smile suddenly fade.

Backer had launched himself at Old Ocean, and struck at him with all his strength.

The blow never landed, for Old Ocean wasn't one you could trick easily. He just gripped Backer's arm and gave it a sudden side wrench, and the man gave a yelp and dropped. Old Ocean's voice rang across the deck.

"Take this thing forrard and dump it in the foc'sle. It's on the starboard watch from now on."

Two seamen came and dragged Backer away, while his shouts rang over the deck; and I knew then that he had passed the line where Old Ocean would have any mercy on him.

No man can raise his hand against a skipper on the high seas and get away with it! And the starboard watch was the one Old Ocean took a special interest in when we went whaling. I figured there was a fine time in store for Backer.

The second mate had the handling of him during most of the trip up to the whaling grounds. He told me, on the quiet, that the man was as soft as butter, and took a lot of breaking in. But he was broken in. They all are who come aboard a whaler.

Time after time Backer left his job and tried to come aft to see the skipper, but every time he was met with the lashing tongue and steady hand of the second mate; and when the second mate wasn't there I was there; and when I wasn't there the bo'sun was there. Old Ocean didn't see him at all unless when he was doing duty with the other seamen, and then the skipper didn't take any notice of him except in one thing.

He often inquired whether Backer was getting any rum when he was assured that Backer wasn't he seemed satisfied.

We reached the whaling grounds, and started to look out for our (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 726

1. What is the difference between imminent and eminent? P.L.A.?
2. What body is known as the P.L.A.?
3. What does "ham" mean in town-names like Oldham?
4. How many Books are there in the Old Testament?
5. By how many hours is time in India behind or ahead of Greenwich time?

1. Coir is coconut fibre; choir is a group of singers; quire is 24 sheets of paper.
2. Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes.
3. Valley.
4. Psalm 117.
5. Ten hours ahead.
6. Knot is a speed; others are distances.

Very Hot Air

NEWS of four new British aeroplanes which put the R.A.F. on top by a wide margin, has just been released by Censor—(A) de Havilland's Vampire, single seater jet fighter, which is officially credited with a conservative "500 plus."

It is worth while to note that the reaction-propulsion engine of the U.S.A.A.F. P-80 Shooting Star, was evolved from an earlier version of the Vampires de Havilland - built Goblin engine.

The P-80 has been publicised as having a top speed of more than 700 m.p.h.

(B), another D.H. job, the Hornet, described as a very compact twin-engined fighter, powered by two Rolls-Royce Merlins. Officially does over 470 m.p.h., making it the world's fastest tractor-engined plane.

(C), Vickers-Armstrong Supermarine Spitfire, single-seater fighter, and successor to world-beater Spitfire, does "over 460 m.p.h." Well over, we'd say.

(D), A.V.Roe, "Avro," Lincoln, a super-sized bomber, specially designed for long-range bombing in semi-tropical conditions. Made by the same company that gave Britain the Manchester and the more famous Lancaster.

AMERICA has produced another experimental fighter, the orthoprop XP-56, tailless pusher, with submerged air-cooled engine and contra-rotating prop.

Looks like an egg that's hatched prematurely. Anything can come out of this.

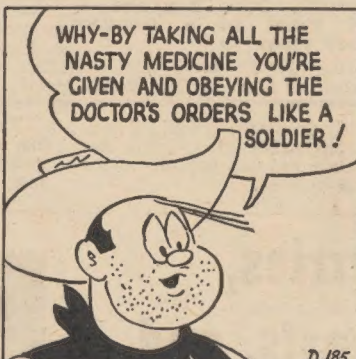
Should be produced if for no other reason than that it would enliven the work of Spotters, the word over. Which reminds us of the R.N.A.S.-wise submarine commander's order to his stooge: "When you see a plane, DIVE. Tell me what you think of it afterwards."

REPORTS indicate that the latest German aircraft designs, too late to be of use in the war, were mostly excellent. Amongst these, the Arado 234 twin-jet recce. plane, a few of which saw service on the Western Front; the Arado 232a, transport; the ME 170 fighter the Junkers 388 and 390; and the Dornier 335, single-seater fighter, with one tractor engine in nose and one propeller behind tail, this design being the most outstanding yet found.

Also unearthed were various rocket weapons, including a radio-controlled rocket propelled anti-aircraft shell, the Hs 117; several radio-controlled glider bombs, evolved from the original Hs 293 glider bomb; a rocket-driven shell, the Hs 298, intended for infantry shelling; a new, improved rocket for plane-to-plane use, and a giant bomber, the ME 264, with four jet engines, capable of bombing New York.

P. Vincent

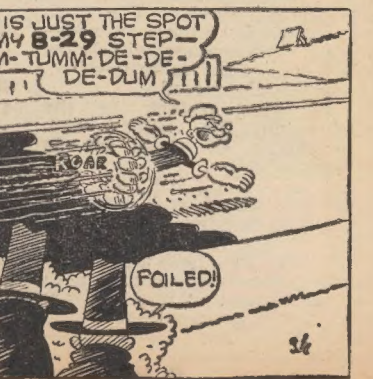
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 666

- 1. Behead a vegetable and get homes for insects.
- 2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: Geherueimefromhechronomeer.
- 3. What word meaning a pageant can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: "he _____ snake lay _____ up in its basket."

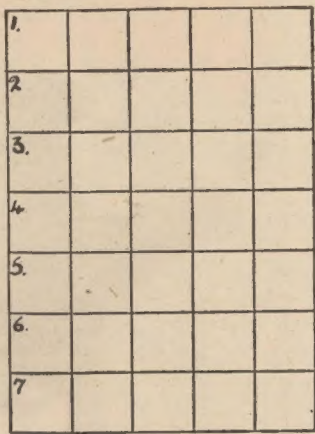
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 665

- 1. M-other.
- 2. Deal desks are made of stained wood.
- 3. FLAN.
- 4. Scold, clods.

JANE

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, which every married person you will find the centre column down gives you an event



- 1. Precious stone.
- 2. The thorax.
- 3. A ridge.
- 4. To go side foremost.
- 5. Brittle.
- 6. One who gives.
- 7. A heathen.

(Solution to-morrow.)

OLD OCEAN'S CURE

(Continued from Page 2) game. We were after bowheads that trip. Some call them Greenland whales, and some call them "black" whales, and some call them "right" whales.

They carry most whalebone, but they're devils to handle. You get

them up near the Behring Strait in the season.

We raised one as we cruised north. It was Old Ocean that saw it first, as he generally did. If ever a man knew how and where to look for whales it was Old Ocean. He found this one by watching a bird. The bird alighted on the sea, and next instant there was a big splash, and the skipper's voice roared out just before the lookout that there was a whale. The lookout had seen the splash. Old Ocean had seen the bird.

He knew that whales are afraid of birds, and get frightened when one lands on its back.

We got out the boats. I had charge of one and had the harpoon gun—it was a hand gun—with me. Backer was standing in the waist, and I motioned to him to come on and make up my crew. He hesitated, and the bo'sun sent him on with a push.

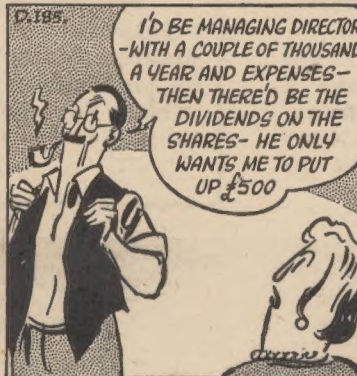
(To be concluded.)



"Surely, Mr. Bloggs, you could have told us you were not happy in your work."



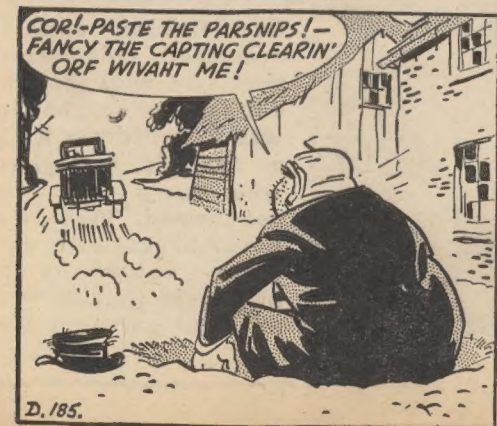
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

WHEN he was fifteen years old, Archie Shenburn decided to leave school. He thought he knew enough to make his way in the world. After all, the £100 a week he was knocking up in the holidays as an egg-importer seemed to justify this step.

Yes, one hundred quid a week, and prospects of more! Not bad for a cockney lad, one of a family of eight

At seventeen he had offices all over Europe and was making a packet of money.

Archie Shenburn is forty years old to-day. And he hasn't slowed down any. He owns seven theatres, dance halls, restaurants, ice-cream factories, and a ship-salvage and ship-breaking concern.

And more as a hobby than anything else he finances several touring theatrical companies. He speaks eleven languages.

He works all day long for seven days a week, and wishes there were eight days. He has had time to have 32 motor-car crashes, 35 motorcycle accidents, two air-crashes and two shipwrecks. He's been bombed nine times.

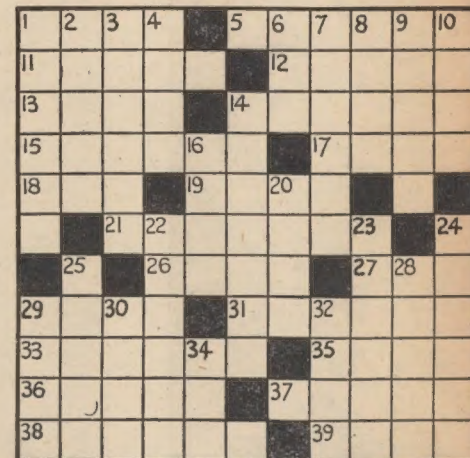
His office in Princess House, Piccadilly, is a hum. He and his wife live in a whirlwind of activity. He can't get a secretary to stay with him longer than a month—the pace is too fierce.

He thinks nothing of fixing a six-figure deal over the 'phone before breakfast.

D.N.K.B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

MOTH ARGOSY
ENHANCE DUE
TURRET GILT
SODA SOUL
H BERTH MEM
OR NEWEL NO
DAW SOLES B
GAIT LAMB
MOVE DEVOID
RUE LAYETTE
STREAM SEEN



CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Disapproving sound. 5 Chess opening. 11 Boredom. 12 Horsewoman. 13 Early man. 14 Wilful destroyer. 15 Wavelet. 17 Boy's name. 18 Exploit. 19 Spoken. 21 Junior. 26 Cream cheese. 27 Corn spike. 29 Grievous. 31 Good to eat. 33 Actor. 35 Law. 36 Obliging one. 37 Made of wood. 38 Pine leaf. 39 Organ levers.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Vigorous. 2 Part of Asia. 3 Prompt. 4 Draining pit. 6 Girl's name. 7 Mix. 8 Commanded. 9 Silly. 10 Yarn. 14 Movable scale. 16 Frown. 20 Old. 22 Did as told. 23 Reprove. 24 Vegetables. 25 Lancashire town. 28 Narrow street. 29 Short distance. 30 Storm. 32 Mesopotamia. 34 Old measure.

Good Morning



★ **THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB.**
We don't know whether there is a spreading chestnut tree outside THIS smithy. We know very little about the smith. Whether the muscles on his mighty arms are like iron bands and whether he goes to church on Sundays, is a closed book to us. But we can see in our mind's eye the hot sparks flying when he beats the shoe fresh from the forge, and we can smell the queer acrid smell of singed hoof as he nails it home.



BULL'S-EYE !
This young lady believes in safety first. She also believes that it's always wiser to take a spare tyre along — when she goes swimming. We agree with her. We always wear a tyre round our middle — and not only when we go swimming !



★ **MAN EATS DOUGHNUTS WHILE STANDING ON HEAD.**
"Shipwreck" Kelly, the Yank flag-pole squatter, eats 13 doughnuts while standing on his head on top of the Channin Building in New York. Well, if that's not the craziest thing. Fancy eating doughnuts — why not rock-cakes ?



HOPALONG, CASSIDY.
Using his powerful tail as a support, this kangaroo from a Sydney zoo performs his famous begging act for our photographer. "Hop-along" learnt this trick when his keeper suspended pieces of bread on a string.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



★ Our fashion expert described this creation (we thought, in our ignorance, that it was a nightdress !) as a sun-suit for girls who don't want to get tanned. Well, we never argue with experts — but we should have said that it was an ideal garment for it !